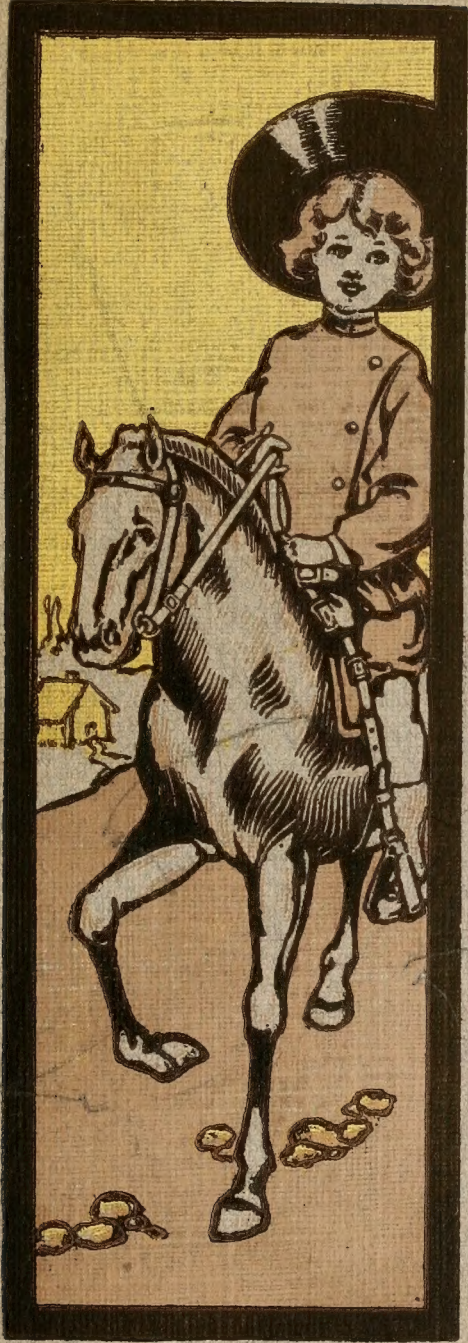


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and  
Roughhood  
Blended



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# Childhood and Ponyhood Blended

BY  
OSCAR A. WHITE



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By M. Irwin Dunlap

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THE PRINCE IN FAIRYLAND



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## CHILDHOOD AND PONYHOOD

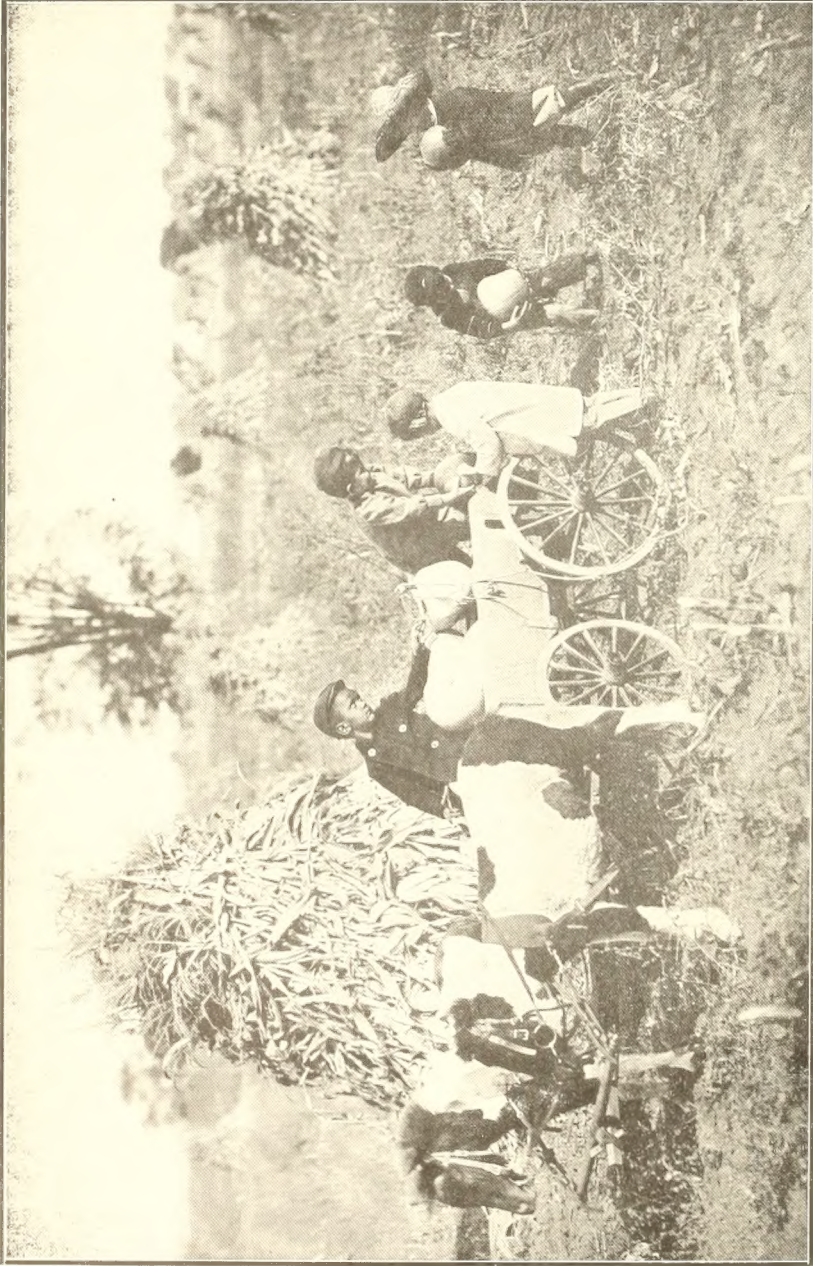


It was a summer morning—a June morning with nature at the climax of her busy bounding season, when our carriage rolled out into the country road, thence up a winding lane to beautiful Edgewood, over-looking the city of Greenfield, Ohio, and crowning a hill crest in the center of the broad and undulating expanse of “The Dunlap Pony Farm,” where hill and vale, woodland and meadow teem with pony life. Where pony life wades knee deep in refreshing clover, or gathers lazily beneath the dense shadow of friendly oaks, or the elms—veritable forests on single stems—and whose black shade forms a haven of rest for the best friend of the American boy and American girl, the playful, useful pony, the Shetland pony with his thin, strong limb, his neat, shapely form, his shaggy mane, his thoughtful, intelligent face, his keen, bright eye, and a disposition so affectionate and

devoted that he fits into the ambitious and recreative child life of the American boy and American girl, as naturally as play itself.

Our mission to Edgewood was to glean something with which to brighten childhood. To tell a story to the American boy and American girl that would fit into their realm of mirth, into their years of recreation, into their years of keenest growth and development, when occupation means health, means growth of mind and body, means purity of childhood, means the awakening of an environment that shall ultimately influence the manhood and womanhood of after years.

It was this that led us to Edgewood, the very center of the pony life of America, for nowhere in all of Uncle Sam’s domain is the pony, the Shetland pony, so completely crowned as king. Nowhere are so many acres devoted to his growth and culture. Nowhere is so much care and intelligent solicitude devoted to the purity of species and training. Nowhere is the same thoughtful



WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN AND THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK



attention given to this prince of childhood pleasure—the Shetland pony.

When our carriage stopped under the shadow of Edgewood's porte-cochere we were greeted by the owner, Mr. M. Irwin Dunlap, and an hour with Mr. Dunlap means an hour of refreshing inspiration. Nature never made a man with a more thoughtful solicitude for the rollicking, romping boy and girl, and therefore admirably fitted for the promotion and care of an industry so unique.

After years of devotion to the practice of law as a profession—years that were crowded with activity, crowded with professional and financial success, Mr. Dunlap sought retirement on a suburban farm, in a beautiful home modern in its entirety, where he lives among his books and ponies, the books a source of culture, the ponies a source of pleasure, yet with time to direct the greatest of all, "The Dunlap Pony Farm."

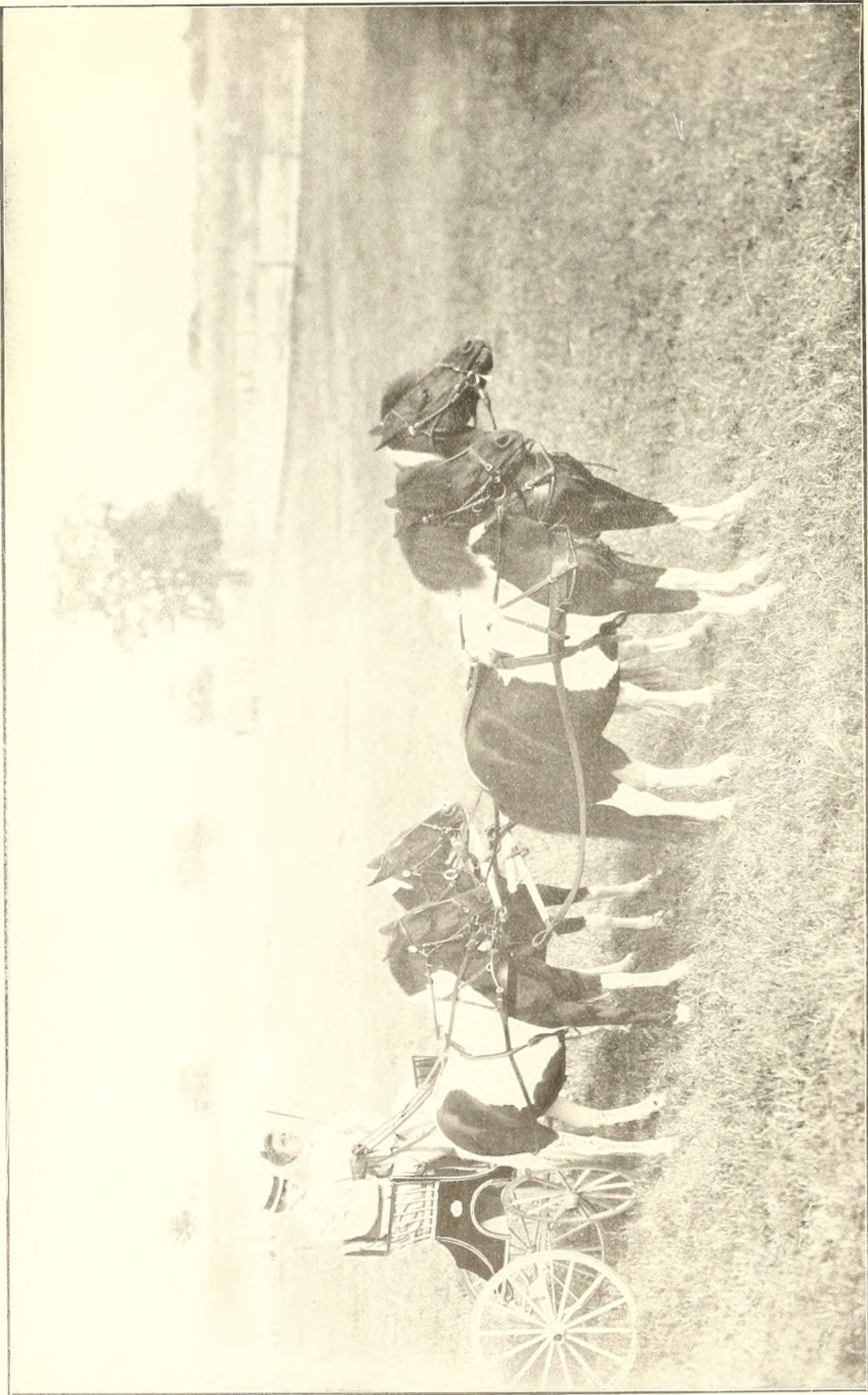
To the man who thus combines culture and pleasure, and who supplements the two with a devotion to an industry the products of which carry sunshine and happiness into child life everywhere, we ask the American boy and the American girl to reverently doff their hats.

We sat in his library where he talked ponyhood as deftly as the statesman discourses upon economics. The walls and mantels were bedecked and laden with the trophies of many a contest for supremacy, among which were two beautiful silver loving cups, won in the show ring by proud and stately Cardinal Rose, the premier of the Dunlap herd.



With Mr. Dunlap, ponyhood and childhood blend with amazing grace. His logic is that the pony loves the boy and girl, and the boy and girl love the pony. The real lovable Shetland pony has no higher ambition than to claim a boy or a girl for his friend and associate, that he may bear their burdens, do their bidding, and contribute to their pleasure and lessen their sorrow.

Safe and affectionate, and with a confiding innocence that frightens at nothing no matter what its terrors, he becomes a protection, and never a menace,



A PRIZE WINNING FOUR IN HAND

never rude or obstinate. Every hour of his pony life the confiding Shetland seems to say to the boy or the girl: "Here I am; take me and do as you will: abuse me if you must; but I am your affectionate friend always."

With Mr. Dunlap and our photographer, we were permitted to drive at will to the length and breadth of the Dunlap Pony Farm, taking a scene here and another there, with our every wish readily granted that we might tell to the American boy and the American girl a Shetland story in prose and picture. Boys and girls if we shall succeed in winning a place in your affections for a pony friend; if we shall succeed in blending childhood and ponyhood; then to that full extent shall we have succeeded in blessing and exalting the American boy and girl, for it is truth undeniable, that there is no cleaner nor more wholesome influence upon the formative years of boyhood and girlhood, than the ownership and companionship of a safe and affectionate Shetland pony—and this because it is a positive diversion from the coarser tendencies that constantly entreat.





TAKING REFRESHMENTS



AT WORK IN FAIRYLAND

in America, there being less than 5000 registered, which means that only one to about twenty thousand population is shown in the books of registration.

In the matter of intelligence the Shetland pony is very much superior to the horse, a fact that can find explanation only in the manner in which the two are reared. The Shetland, foaled and reared in the hills and wastes of his native islands, without human care or solicitude naturally develops the faculty of self preservation, and the intelligence thus evolved is transmitted to generations born in domestication. The horse is foaled and reared in domestication, with every care and solicitude bestowed upon him, so much so, in fact, that no demands are made upon his intelligence, and his faculties are, therefore, undeveloped.

These same conditions develop a greater degree of hardihood in the pony.



Unlike the domesticated horse, he is not subject to the category of diseases, but on the contrary exhibits an endurance and superiority of constitution that are remarkable when contrasted with the strength and hardihood of the common horse.

In the matter of disposition, the Shetland pony again asserts his superiority. As lovable as is the well bred domesticated horse, he has not the patience nor affection, which are the crowning characteristics of the Shetland, and his unchallenged reputation as the child's pony is justly attributed to the marked absence of viciousness, ill temper, and nervousness, and the presence of these illnatured tendencies in many ponies called Shetlands, is proof that they lack that purity of blood which alone would entitle them to the name.



TRAVELING WEST TO TAKE UP A HOMESTEAD—A STOP FOR DINNER



PONY GOSSIP



A GALLANT LITTLE FELLOW AND HIS SWEETHEART

Another distinguishing feature of the Shetland when compared with the horse is his docility. He is practically broken when born. He makes comparatively no resistance to harness restraint, even when given his first lesson. His greatest fault is awkwardness, and he seems only to want to know the things that are required of him, and when he knows these is only too willing to submit, and awkwardness gives way to agility with surprising ease and grace.

The Shetland is likewise a cosmopolitan. He loves companionship and will walk straightway into the parlor if he is not guarded. He takes it for granted that his amicable disposition and good conduct entitle him to the liberty of the home, and he can see no reason why he should not exercise it. In his native islands he practically lives in the hut with his owner and this free and easy inclination comes to him honestly. His confidence in his owner is such that he consents to be led or driven wherever he wills. He will ascend the stairs if urged, and the total absence of fear enables him to be driven in the midst of the din of machinery, and locomotives and automobiles are as the birds of the air to the Shetland.

It is because of this tractability and docility that the Shetland becomes the ideal associate, and a never ceasing source of pleasure for the boy and girl and this admirable relationship exerts a leavening influence upon the impressionable childlife.





GOING AFTER THE COWS



GOING OVER TO AUNT MARY'S



something that will stand for service without complaint or rebellion, as kind as a kitten, and as sedate as a prince.

But there is another side to the pony not fully appreciated. This is the influential side upon the character of the boy or girl, during the formative years of their lives. Strong men love a strong horse, and this is because of a magnetism, a consciousness of a strong physical presence. If a horse were a weak, enervating beast he would lose his place in the affections of men. It is the powerful, enduring, magnetic side of the horse that makes him the royal friend of man.

The Shetland pony is to the child what the horse is to the adult. There is an acknowledgement of strength, and of the magnetism of physical presence. A



A SHETLAND RACER WITH 'RASTUS UP'

strong mental appreciation of worth, and this fact exalts the boy and girl. The state of mind has much to do with physical development, and nothing so completely fills the life of a boy or girl as does the ownership of a Shetland pony. Something he can feed; something upon which he can bestow his pride; something he can ride and drive. To the boy or girl this Shetland pony is more than a gigantic business venture to the man or woman.

The boy and girl are nothing more than the human flowers out of which must develop the sturdy plants of manhood and womanhood. The home is the nursery for their early care, but there comes a transplanting in the open, where sunshine and wholesome atmosphere can exert its influence for strength and



JUST RETURNED FROM A ROMP



THE DOCTOR IS CALLED



ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

physical sturdiness. It is the pony that comes to carry him into the realm of outdoor life. To give activity and healthful exercise. To give vivaciousness and contentment of mind. To give exaltation and invigorating pride. It takes all these to make the perfect, rollicking, romping boy and girl, and they will never live long enough to forget the time when childhood and ponyhood blended for a greater health, a greater growth and a greater purity.



NO RACE SUICIDE IN PONYLAND

The chivalry of man, of heroic deeds, are associated with the horse. Sheridan's ride to Winchester would have lost its romance and interest if it had been made in a Pullman. Putman's dash down the steep declivity would pale into insignificance if it had been made afoot. Paul Revere would have been unsung if the noble steed had been a lifeless inanimate bicycle. So it is with the boy, the girl. The bicycle and the Irish Mail are dull and unattractive when compared with the ownership of a real live pony. It is the pony that exalts; it is the pony that fills the life of the boy and girl brimful of unalloyed pleasure and exercise. He leads them out into the open and is something to love, something to care for, something to use, something to exalt, something to pride.

There may have been a time when the boy and girl were permitted to grow as the weeds of the wayside, and in defense of this inclination it might be said



AT THE END OF THE RACE



GETTING READY FOR A PICNIC



SELLING A FAVORITE AT AUCTION

that in those days fewer evils beset the pathway of the young, and less anxiety was occasioned. But in our modern day parents give greater care and solicitude to the moral environment in which their boys and girls are reared. They avoid viciousness; they avoid unwholesome companionship. And since they crave recreation—demand it, in fact—it is a commendable sentiment that guides childhood into an atmosphere of clean associations, and in no way is this so admirably accomplished as by that complete gratification and exaltation growing out of the pony and his vehicle and saddle.

Added to this is the early knowledge and training which must necessarily grow out of the care and ownership of a Shetland, a knowledge and training that will have a useful part in after life.



COULD A CHILD HEART HOLD MORE ENJOYMENT THAN IS EVIDENCED HERE

Many would ride but they adopt the pleasure too late in life. To ride well it should be a habit in early life, and no period compares with that of childhood, for the child at five years and upward becomes accustomed to this invigorating sport almost as readily as it takes to play.

It is the age also when a natural affection is developed, and this is a fine sentiment to encourage in the growing child. It will manifest itself in later years, not alone toward the horse, but it will be a potent restriction toward all creatures.

It is this high regard and affection that mark the radical distinction be-



DOCILITY



TRASTUS



BIG CHIEF



TWO CLOSE FRIENDS



I'M NOT AFRAID

tween the man and woman of coarser and indifferent tendencies and the man and woman with a thoughtful and appreciative demeanor toward dumb animals.

Give a boy or girl a pony in their childhood years that they may learn to love and appreciate by actual association and service, and they will most surely look with horror and emphatic disapproval in mature years upon a rude and vicious disposition that would beat, abusé, or neglect the horse or other creatures of dependence.

That these and other influences are exercising themselves upon parents with a growing intensity is determined by the constantly increasing demands for the Shetland pony. Every year marks a greater activity in this industry, and the supply cannot be kept equal to the demand. The automobile may fill the man or woman with delight, but it does not engage the boy and girl with the same interest that does the pony. The Shetland is the standard of childhood aristocracy, and it just as completely satisfies, as does the automobile or coach and livery satisfy the heads of the household.

Who would then deny? Who would withhold, not only a pleasure so keen, but an environment that so completely fills the early life with a developing influence that will exert itself in mature years?





NYMPHS IN FAIRYLAND



DOING POLICE DUTY



## BEECHER TELLS HIS LIFE STORY

Roger and Virginia had turned Beecher, their faithful pony into the friendly shade of a maple by the roadside, and leaping from the pony phaeton, were reclining a moment later against the tree's trunk under his very nose.

"Tell us the story of your life," jokingly asked Roger, little dreaming of Beecher's willingness or ability to talk.

"Why do you ask?" replied Beecher, reaching his nose to the ground for a nip of grass, while Virginia gave a shriek of fright at the pony voice.

"Because you have been our playmate for a year," said Roger, "and we would be so interested in knowing whether you have been kindly treated and whether you know other little boys and girls."

"Listen," said Beecher, and he stamped his little foot as if he were rapping for silence.



HAVING A GOOD TIME IN PONY FAIRYLAND

"I opened my eyes on a bleak seathold in Shetland six years ago; the world was very strange to me and I thought I would freeze to death. My mamma coaxed me into a protecting heather, where the cold was less severe."

"Pretty soon a big man wearing wooden shoes and great baggy trousers came out and patted me on the back and rubbed my tender little nose. Then he went up to my mamma and talked a queer language to her then led her to a stone house, and I trudged along behind because my mamma told me to."

"I lived in and about this man's house for two years, when one day a kindly faced man came to my home and talked such funny talk. I couldn't understand but I knew it was about me, for the man walked around me and patted me kindly."

"The next day, in company with a hundred of my pony playmates, I was



BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART



FAREWELL

## RONALD'S VICTORY

Ronald Drake was one of those busy, ambitious boys of seven years, who crowded an air castle into every hour of his play day. There was none of the rude in Ronald. On the contrary his obedience and industry excited the admiration of his friends and were an ever source of pride for his father and mother.

Fortunately for Ronald, his parents were indulgent. Toy trains, supple-jacks and drums had lost their lure, and as he stood upon the threshold of a new boy era, his father and mother encouraged by granting his new ambitions, rather than retard by denial. If he wished to accompany his father to the city the wish was granted and Ronald returned a bigger and wiser boy, and his little mind fairly tumbled over itself in its effort to tell of the strange things he had seen.



If he wished to spend a week in the country, with his grandfather on the farm he was permitted to go, and he came home at the end of a week's romp reddened by the leap of enriched blood and browned by the exposure in which a warm sun kissed him at every jump.

Seven years is the age of artful tease in the ambitious boy, and Ronald's desires were so many and lofty that his father and mother were often kept guessing between denial and gratification. They knew enough of child life to



conclude that real boy development lies in discreet gratification of childish desire, and that persistent denial was the same as denying drink and sun-light to a nursery flower.

This rapid fire disposition to want things had reached the stage where Ronald clamored for the use and ownership of a Shetland pony, with real harness, and a real four-wheeled runabout. He wanted to do as men do, and this is an admirable path for a boy to trod, for how else will he ever grow to be a man, ambitious for achievement, except that his young life takes the trend that leads to such a goal.



With his Shetland pony and rig he could see many hours and days of prime enjoyment. It would be a long stride toward doing as men do, and his little life reached out for this ownership with the same eagerness that the vigorous plant leans toward the warmth and light.

It is not saying a new thing when we record that a boy's best friend is his mother, and when Ronald told the story of his ambition into mother ears, he was but playing the game as men play it when they take the burden of life's desire and lay it at the court of surest gratification.

Ronald not only told the story of his hope and desire many a time and oft, but he even proposed to take a good share of the kitchen work upon his own little hands if the reward of such a sacrifice should be the ownership of pony, harness and runabout. Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and Ronald was still pleading artfully at the court of last resort. He was even



beoning a better and a brighter boy, for he artfully did nothing that would displease, and did so many things in the line of duty without being told to do so, that he became the subject of animated parental discussion when little Ronald's ears were deadened by that sleep which only a tired and ambitious boy can know.

When all else had failed Ronald tried a little game of sympathy. A father may listen to logic, but human nature too often compels him to resist it by argument, in which event the victory belongs to the stronger. But sympathy is a game the weak can play, so Ronald found himself telling his father how often he could take Jimmie Kent, the crippled neighbor boy, into the country where the air, and birds, and flowers could strengthen the frail body that knew no exercise, and brighten the mind that mirrored only the monotony enclosed by the picket fence that surrounded Jimmie's home.

This was not a trap purposely set, for Ronald's mind was too young to set traps for strong men. It was a trap, nevertheless, and it was set with such childish simplicity, and sprung with such childish innocence that Mr. Drake, the father, was caught; but the pride that springs from strength refused to admit it at once, and Ronald went to his little bed and drifted into the clutch of the sand man without a knowledge of the victory he had won.

The next morning as Mr. Drake went to his store, the sight of Jimmie Kent opened the whole story of the evening before, and it rapped hard at the heart of Mr. Drake until the door was finally opened and all the other little pleas of Ronald tumbled in after it until there was no room for business. The boy that wanted to be like men, who craved the pleasure that ownership inspires—yet who was charitable enough to open his little heart and share the wealth of its pleasure with the unfortunate—such a boy deserved the gratification of his desire, and Mr. Drake, in the charity of his soul and the wisdom of his heart, helped an ambitious boy over one of the rough places of child life, and by so doing strengthened a thread of sympathy that will grow stronger as the years carry Ronald to maturity.

These pages cannot tell the pleasure that Ronald found in harnessing and driving his pet Shetland in town and country, nor can they tell of the pleasure that was poured into the heart of poor Jimmie Kent, but they may suggest to the parent who reads that the indulgence of a childish desire that points to the fuller development of the traits that ennoble manhood is only another way of nurturing the acorn of youth into the sturdy oak of the forest of men.







## THE SHETLAND ISLANDS

On looking at the map, comparing Great Britain to the United States, one is apt to think the Shetland Islands can be quickly and easily reached, once the ocean is crossed, but it is nearly a day's journey from London to Aberdeen, the point at which to embark for the Islands; and as boats only leave on certain days of the week there may be some delay on this score, particularly in rough weather. From Aberdeen to Lerwick, the capital of Shetland, it is 185 nautical miles, but the sea is so rough on account of the currents, being generally considered the roughest sea in the world, that it often takes much longer than the schedule time, which is about a day and a half going by way of Kirkwall.



IN READINESS FOR AN AFTERNOON SPIN

Arriving in the harbor of Lerwick one is impressed with the large amount of shipping, principally of a fishing nature in this fine water-way, for this harbor is one of the best in Northern Britain. Fishing smacks come from almost every part of Europe for herring fishing, upon which there is no restriction, as the Islands being part of Great Britain, are under free trade.

The town of Lerwick is not very beautiful, but it has some rather striking features. The buildings, of course, are of stone with slate roofs, and as there

are no trees, vines or shrubs anywhere on the Islands, the place has a very bare, in fact, rather bleak appearance. On account of the lack of trees there are practically no birds in Shetland, except sea-gulls and other water fowl. The gulls are the sparrows of the Islands. You find them sitting on the chimneys of the houses and on the lawns and fences. They hover over every house that is



A DAY IN THE WOODLAND

to be seen. The air is full of their strange, plaintive cries. Many of the people make pets of the gulls and feed them, and strange to say, the gulls that are accustomed to perch about one house do not mix with those frequenting another.

The streets in the olden part of Lerwick are very narrow, and often increasingly so. At the end of some of the streets which may have started with a fair width, there would be hardly room for two or three people to pass.

Lerwick has a permanent population of about 6,000. In summer this is greatly increased, to some extent by tourists, but chiefly on account of the influx of fishermen. It is an interesting sight to see these fishermen parading the streets on a Saturday night, many of them being Dutch, with peculiar wooden shoes, and wide, baggy knickerbockers which are so baggy in fact as to resemble skirts. They have peculiar little round caps and wear ear-rings. Fishermen from almost every other part of Europe are there, and the mixture of the many dialects is very odd and confusing.

The herring industry is one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world, amounting to about \$12,000,000 a year. The smallest port has its great piles of herring barrels and fishing boats, with women cleaning the herring, which they

do with lightning rapidity, at the rate of one a second. The herring are packed in salt in barrels and shipped all over the world.

The population of the Shetland Islands, according to the census of 1891, was but 28,711, which accounts largely for trains, street cars, and all other means of conveyance on land, being unknown. Aside from the use of horses, the only other means of travel is by boat, either by the small steamers which ply between the different ports and islands, or sail or row boats. The traveler experiences much difficulty in getting about the islands because of this lack of means of conveyance. In driving one often has to walk up the hills because they are too steep for the horse to pull much weight, and as they are very frequent, and often long and steep, traveling is done under difficulty.



The uniform hospitality of the native Shetlanders is worthy of comment. They can not do enough to show their kindness, and it is difficult to get them to take anything for any service performed, a marked contrast to the same class of people in other parts of Europe, where tipping is so much in evidence.

The women on the Shetland Islands are remarkable for their industry. The men do the fishing, but the women clean the fish and, in addition, carry the peat and do the gardening. Wherever you meet them, even walking on the streets or on the country roads, they are knitting, and will not stop even when they have to rest with their loads against a stone or side of a hill. Their hand work, Shetland shawls, hosiery, and knitted goods of all kinds, form one of the chief industries of the Islands, and are famous in many parts of the civilized world.

The wool is obtained from the native Shetland sheep, and is peculiarly soft and fine. It is plucked by hand, much as we would pluck feathers. It is also carded and spun by hand, and it is remarkable how adept these Shetland women are at using it and making up articles of wear. Many of the shawls and other fabrics are so fine as to resemble more than anything a spider's web, and some of them, a yard or more square, would, when rolled up, go through a finger ring.



The surface of the country is rocky and rough and very hilly, many of the hills rising to a height of several hundred feet above sea level, the highest being Roeness Hill, 1,486 feet. The sides of the hills are covered with thin soil on which grow stunted heather and coarse grass, while the valleys between are covered with peat, sometimes to considerable depth. Often the peat extends well up on the hill. With the exception of a few fertile dales, it is along the margins of the voes and creeks and the low-lying land adjoining the sea shore that soil suitable for cultivation is generally found. The soil, however, is poor, and as the season is short and cold, vegetation is scant. Oats and hay are raised to some extent and some vegetables. Ploughs and machinery are used on the larger farms, but much of the farming is done with spade and hoe, often by the women.

The tides in the narrow sounds dividing the islands are often very rapid, rushing in between the islands and forming whirlpools, called roosts, which are sometimes dangerous to small boats. The sea in fact all round the Islands is rough. Long arms of the sea called voes, project far into the land, and in



CRICKET, FAVORITE HIGH SCHOOL, PONY



GIVING THE SHETLAND HIS FIRST LESSON IN HARNESS

addition there are countless tarns and lochs which stud the landscape. The voes and lochs are so numerous and so extensive that the sea is nowhere more than three or four miles away. In consequence of all this salt water tempered by the Gulf Stream in a northern latitude, there is a great deal of mist and dampness.

It is difficult for one accustomed only to landscape with trees to realize that a land view can be beautiful without them, but the scenery in the Shetland Islands has a distinct picturesqueness of its own. The succession of hills and valleys, with the long voes and landlocked bays in between, glimmering in the sunlight of a long summer day, form a magnificent view, extending for miles around. The lack of trees and the somber tints of the rocks and hills are quite forgotten. The most impressive feature of the island scenery is, however that of the coast. In many places the shore is of rock one to three hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular, the loftiest cliff being Kame of Foula, 1,220 feet high. The dashing of the sea against these rocks has worn them into crags and crevices, and here where it is impossible for any human being to climb, and high above the boisterous rush and roar of the seething ocean, myriads of sea birds build their nests and rear their young.

The land, with the exception of a number of sheep farms, is mostly occupied by crofters. The crofts, as already said, are generally situated in the fertile spots by the seashore, and are small, averaging about four acres of arable land with ten acres of outland. On these the crofters live in rough stone houses, often thatched with hay or straw. If the land available for cultivation is of some extent, a number of these crofts are clustered together. The tillable land with a portion of pasture is often enclosed by a stone or turf fence called the hillydye. Fences, however, are comparatively rare, and outside the hillydye is

the seathold or common pasture of the township, and on this the crofters have unlimited right to graze what live stock they possess and where they procure their fuel supply.

The Gulf Stream has a strong modifying effect upon the climate of the Shetland Islands. There is not much snow in winter and it does not lie on the



THE MOTHER AND THE BABY

ground for any length of time. Notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of rains, the bracing and exhilarating nature of the summer and the mild temperature of the winters make Shetland one of the most healthful districts of Scotland.

The length of the days varies much more than the temperature. In summer it is never really dark. In winter it is not light until nine in the morning, and gets dark about three in the afternoon.

The people of the Shetland Islands are mostly of Scandinavian descent, as is shown by the ending of the names, Anderson, Manson, Robertson, Peterson. In accent, religion, and in many of their customs, however, they are very similar to the Scotch, their near neighbors. They are a simple, honest, hardy people, mostly of sandy complexion, and, contrary to the diminutive stature of the animals of the Shetland Islands, they are of good height.





## HEALTH, PLEASURE AND RECREATION

If you had a million dollars to spend for the health and happiness of your boy or girl you could not get more for such an expenditure than would accrue from the purchase of a Shetland pony. The force of this conclusion was fully demonstrated by the remark of a wealthy manufacturer who had millions to spend if he desired, but who declared that an investment of \$150 in a Shetland pony had given his child more real pleasure and happiness, combined with perfect health than he could have purchased with a thousand times the investment in other channels. Health, pleasure, and happiness were not only vouchsafed, but he declared that the sturdy health had supplanted a delicate constitution, a change which he directly attributed to the out-door exercise which the pony and vehicle invited and exacted.

Neither are bodily health and strength the only advantages accruing. There is that greater advantage—the mind growth and development, invited and invigorated by occupation, by outdoor life, by gratification and contentment. Building of body and mind under such conditions is likewise building character, and character building is building for eternity.



## UTILITY OF THE NATIVE SHETLAND

The ponies are not an agricultural but a domestic necessity. In Shetland, as in parts of Ireland, every family depends for its supply of fuel upon peat, and as peat is seldom found near the houses, but on the hill behind them—there is always a hill in the rear in Shetland, every island consisting mainly of a patch or two of smooth land in a few snug nooks by the shore and as it is often a dis-



MILKING TIME, BRINGING HOME THE COWS

tance of several steep and stony miles, each house requires several ponies, the number depending upon the distance and character of the road. A family living convenient to the peat may require only two peat carriers and another may require half a dozen. The material, after it has been dug and dried in the usual manner, is carried home on the backs of the ponies in blankets called "cassies." It is obvious that the back that performs this kind of service must be broad and strong. The Shetland pony is a striking example of development; for generations past he has been bred, reared, and trained with uniformity which could not have been secured in any other part of the United Kingdom. Hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instinct and intelligence, his small size, and his purity and fixity of type. A pony belonging to a breed which has to pick its zigzag path down a steep declivity during many generations must be sure footed. By the same rule a pony whose grooms and playmates include a dozen juveniles—the children of the neighborhood who roll underneath him or upon his back—

must be gentle; and the pony living on seathold or air, sometimes, rather than herbage, must be hardy. The pony of the Shetland Isles is, in fact, the offspring of circumstances. He is the pet of the family, gentle as the Arab's steed under similar training. He will follow his friends indoors like a dog, and lick the platter or the children's faces. He has no more kick in him than a cat and no more bite than a puppy. He is a noble example of a complete suppression of those vicious propensities which some of his kind exhibit when they are ill treated, and of the intelligence and good temper that may be developed in horses by kindness. There is no precedent for his running away, nor for his becoming tired or frightened, even when he has carried some laird from Lerwick to his home, many Scotch miles across the hills. He moves down the rugged hillside with remarkable circumspection, loaded pannier fashion with two heavy cassies of peat, picking his way step by step, sometimes sideways. In crossing boggy spots, where the water is retained, and a green carpet of aquatic grass that might de-



HUNTING FOR A PLACE TO PICNIC

ceive some steeds and bring them headlong to grief in the spongy trap, he carefully smells the surface and is thus able to circumvent the danger. In the winter the Shetland pony wears a coat made of felted hair and especially suited to the season. His thick winter garment is well adapted for protecting him from the fogs and damps of the climate. It is exceedingly warm and comfortable, fits close to the wearer's dapper form and is not bad looking when new.

No horse looks his best when he is losing his coat, and so it is with the Shetland. But when he is completely shed in the spring, and there appears his clean, sleek summer coat, his neat round body shows to a striking advantage

and fully compensates for the uncouth appearance during the rigors of winter. Besides it is the amplitude and abundance of the shaggy coat that make him hardy and enduring. Nature seems to have anticipated neglect, and out of her kindness supplied the little fellow with shelter of its own making, and in doing so insured a sturdy health not common in the domesticated horse.

From the drudgery of the peat carrying service in the native Shetlands to the refined and recreative service in America is a long stride. From a good natured indifference of the Shetlander to the proud appreciation of the typical



A MORNING SCOUT THROUGH THE WOODLAND

American is likewise an evolution in pony life, but both of these transitions are apparent; and in each the pony has been advanced many points in the matter of dignity. Be it said however to his credit, that the pony has lost none of his sturdiness in this change of scene and service.

With the American boy or girl as his rider, and in many instances the heads of families become the mounts, he delights in a run through field and woodland and is a willing and appreciative participant in an early morning scout. If dismounting is occasioned, he follows as dutifully as the favorite dog, or brouses leisurely while the pleasure seeker strolls to points of interest that are inaccessible to the pony. It is this confiding nature that scores the pony so incomparably above the horse. He requires no thought. He does not seek to stray or escape. He sees nothing to occasion fright, and to be able to dismount in the open, throwing the reins carelessly over the saddle's horn and leave the Shetland to his freedom with the assurance that he is yours at the beck or call, is a virtue much to be admired and appreciated and in no domesticated horse can

you find such loyalty and devotion. It is this adaptability of the pony to our environments that makes him so efficient and popular, and inspires such a sense of safety and security when he forms a part of an outing with boys and girls. There is no more occasion for anxiety than if the children were tented upon the lawn.

It is this fact that makes the Shetland pony universally admired, by both parents and children, and the friend or parent who wishes to fill the life of a boy or girl with pony pride and pony ownership can do so without fear of regret.













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